

THE
SHAKER MANIFESTO.

AN OFFICIAL MONTHLY.

G. A. LOMAS Editor.
Shakers, N. Y.

VOL. VIII.—DECEMBER. 1878.—No. XII.

The Proper Community Disposition.

HENRY T. CLOUGH.

*The proper state of our temper, with
respect to one another.*

It is evident, if we consult either public welfare or private happiness, christian charity ought to regulate our disposition in all mutual intercourse. In my estimation, Charity is the same as benevolence or love; and is the term uniformly employed in the New Testament, to express all the good affections, which we ought to bear to one another. It consists not in speculative ideas of general benevolence, floating in the head, and leaving the heart—as speculations too often do—untouched and cold. Neither is it confined in that indolent good nature, which makes us rest satisfied with being free from inveterate malice, or ill-will to our fellows without prompting us to be of service to any.

True Charity is an active principle; it is not properly a single virtue; but a disposition residing in the heart, as a fountain whence the virtues of benignity, candor, forbearance, generosity, compassion, and liberality flow, as so many native streams. From general good will to all, it sheds its influence particularly on those with whom we stand in connection, and who are directly in the sphere of home.

From the community to which we belong, it extends to the smaller associations of neighborhoods, relations and friends, and spreads itself over the whole circle of humanity. But as the great principle admits of several diversified appearances, let us consider some

of the chief forms under which it ought to show itself, in the usual tenor of life.

What first presents itself to be recommended, is a peaceable temper; a disposition averse to giving offense, and desirous of cultivating harmony, and amicable intercourse in society. This includes yielding and condescending manners, unwillingness to contend with others about trifles; and in contests that are unavoidable, proper moderation of spirit. Such a temper is the first principle of self-enjoyment; and is the basis of all order and happiness among mankind. The positive and contentious, the rude and quarrelsome are the bane of society.

But they cannot disturb the peace of others, more than they break their own. The hurricane rages first in their own bosom, before it is let forth upon the world. In the tempests which they raise, they are always tossed, and frequently it is their lot to perish. A peaceable temper must be supported by a candid one, or by a disposition to view the conduct of others with fairness and impartiality. This stands opposed to a jealous and suspicious temper, which ascribes every action to the worst possible motive, and throws a black shade over every character.

If we would be happy in ourselves, or in our connections with others, let us guard against this spirit. Let us study that charity "which thinketh no evil;" that temper which without degenerating into credulity, will dispose us to be just; and which can allow us to observe an error, without imputing it as a

crime. Thus, we shall be kept free, from the continual irritation, which imaginary injuries raise in a suspicious breast, and shall walk among men as our brethren, not as our enemies.

But to be peaceable, and to be candid is not all that is required of a good man, he must cultivate a generous and sympathizing temper, which feels for distress wherever it is beheld; and to all that he has intercourse with, it is gentle, obliging and humane. How amiable appears such a disposition, when contrasted with a malicious or envious temper, which wraps itself up, in its own narrow interests, looks with an evil eye on the success of others and with an unnatural satisfaction, feeds on their disappointments or miseries!

How little does he know the true happiness of life, who is a stranger to that intercourse of good offices and kind affections, which by a pleasing charm attaches men to one another, and circulates joy from heart to heart.

Let it be remembered, that of small incidents the system of human life is composed. The attentions, which respect these, when suggested by real benignity of temper, are often more material to the happiness of those around us, than actions which carry the appearance of greater dignity and splendor. No wise or good man ought to account any rules of behavior, as below his equal, which serve to cement the great brotherhood of mankind in comfortable union.

Particularly amidst that familiar intercourse which belongs to domestic life, all the virtues of temper find an ample range. It is very unfortunate, that within that circle, men too often think themselves at liberty to give unrestrained vent to the caprice of passion and ill humor: whereas there, on the contrary, more than anywhere else, it concerns them to attend to the government of their heart; to check what is violent in their tempers, and to soften what is harsh in their manners.

For there the temper is formed. There the real character displays itself. In all our intercourse then with others, particularly in that which is closest and most intimate, let us cultivate a peaceable, candid, gentle and forbearing disposition. This is the temper,

which by repeated injunction, true religion seeks to reform us. This was the temper of the Christ. This is the temper of Heaven.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

RELIGION.

ELDRESS A. DOOLITTLE.

Religion is the staff of life upon which the soul can lean for support as it journeys through the low lands, in the rudimental sphere of existence, where are thorns and briars—the product of sinful deeds of violated law through ignorance or otherwise, and while striving to climb the rough hills of progression to more cultivated fields of expanded thought, and concentrated action.

True *Religion* is a staff that cannot be broken; there is a divinity in it that never changes; its sweet tones can be heard far above all inharmonious sounds of changing theologies from age to age which have been formed and re-formed to meet existing conditions of the people, whom they represent for the time being.

As the people change, forms of theology change; but *Religion* embodies all that is essentially true and good. It is the home of God-like attributes, and is the offspring of Deity.

Jesus was a chosen Medium to represent the heaven-born child in a more perfected form of character than earth's children had been previously prepared to receive; and as far as he was the exponent of those divine principles by being identified with them in precept and example, He was the Son of God—the Christ—a Savior and Emancipator to other souls.

They who are the most deeply and sincerely engaged to find the Rock

whence issue living waters that will cleanse and heal the soul of all sin contracted disease, and perfect it in holiness, feel the least disposed to contend about the personal superadded name affixed, whether king, prince or ruler; but are careful to understand his mission, and copy his divine example; and from it to gain spiritual knowledge and wealth, by strict conformity thereto.

It is good to be zealously affected in a righteous cause and to listen to the voice of conscience; but conscience unaided by reason is not a sure guide; and if reason and conscience are brought into conjoint relation, both need to be imbued with the power of true Religion, and to take counsel of higher intelligences whose dwelling is in holier spheres; then, the high-way of truth will ever be open, which unclean beasts and birds cannot find, nor false theologies fetter and bind those who walk therein.

The higher souls rise in the scale of progression, the better able they are to see and conserve the good of the past, to use and not abuse the present, and to prepare for the increasing future; and they feel that they can safely trust the keeping of truths yet to be revealed, in the fulness of time, to that power that has hitherto guided and guarded the destiny of nations, knowing that all will be well done in proper time and season.

Old decaying forms of thought, that possessed life and were fresh and beautiful in their day, will not be lost, but will fall like ripe seed into properly prepared soil—take root and produce fruit and flowers in more perfected forms and varieties.

Religion is the soul's dearest friend, and will bear it onward and upward

through all the vicissitudes of the terrestrial sphere of existence, and guide it safely over the waves of changing theologies and consequent controversies and agitations into the quiet Port of the soul's rest, where Truth is the crowned victor, and God reigns supremely.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

BREAKING IN THE TONGUE.

RICHARD FLETCHER.

"If any man" (or woman) "*bridleth not the tongue*"—bridle? Is that all? Why not break in the tongue to full harness—collar, traces, saddle lines and all? A halter on the tongue is more than some persons use to guide it. A bridle and head-stall helps still more to keep the unruly member straight, from wagging right and left into neighbors' door-yards and other none-of-your-affairs places.

Then if good traces are added, it can be made to draw useful burdens of sound sense instead of flimsy, skeleton sulkies of constantly-rattling small-talk. The whip is needed too, for lazy tongues, to stir them up to speak a cheery word in place of grunting, if it's no more than "A fine morning, brother," and to urge them to do a small fraction of their share of witnessing for a religious life, in meetings for worship.

Suppose it does seem like a trial to speak before others! How many times a day are we ashamed to be engaged in discussing the details of cooking our favorite dishes, just the exact shade of flavor, this and that preparation must have, before "I" can endure to swallow it? If there were one-tenth the relish for conquering laziness and other bad

habits that some of us have in raising up the ghosts of departed dinners, our seasons of devotion would not be given over almost entirely to "the few," aided by the willing-hearted singers.

Any one who thinks before speaking, even *half* the time, has indeed got the coltish member well broken in to double harness. With steady, calm judgment for the nigh horse, and strong double harness, what a huge load, of big bales of solid chunks of good temper such a prize team as that, can roll along the level roads and up and down the hills of life! Even when cutting whips of others' thoughtless wit and ridicule does the owner of such a well-broken tongue, sudden injustice, he does not get run away with. A spirited team he has, too; but such a load of solid sense behind, they cannot break away from the better feelings, pull they ever so strongly.

What shall a slurring, sarcastic tongue be compared to? A vicious, kicking animal. Everybody keeps out of the reach of those heels, for it is hard to tell which way they'll fly next. So does the habit of always running things down, of joking on the weak points of character among acquaintances, keep a person from having many close friends. They don't like to be too near the sarcastic, kicking tongue.

What a sorry old scrub of a mule, is a vulgar tongue. It's an insult to four-legged brutes to compare it to an old "hack," or a canal donkey worn to a skeleton by hard labor. A three-year old colt, turned out all the year in a run-down sorrel pasture, wooly as a sheep with last year's burdocks, is not so unsightly an object as a coarse, ill-mannered habitually slangy tongue. No hope for it, except to knock it on the head, or

shut it away from public hearing, feed it with pure thoughts, and curry it down with a mortified conscience.

Such a member is worse than useless, and unless entirely broken off from coarse habits, is worse than a balky horse or any other kind of a tricky beast. A good harness would be thrown away, trying to *regulate* an impure, low-talking habit. Making it work with others, might spread the mischief. Nay! Sell the dirty nag for phosphate: it has an odor rich enough for a ten-acre field. But, perhaps the owner might purify the thoughts and so cure the trouble.

There are several other kinds of unmanageable organs of speech. Some of them need curb bits, others, spurs, and a gentle touching up with a whip. Tight collars, snug breeching, and well-fastened tug-back straps may be used to advantage on that large class of unruly members that are popularly supposed to be 'hung in the middle' and wagging at both ends.

Each and all may apply the moral to suit, remembering, there never was, nor ever will be a wild colt, or a human tongue that cannot be improved by good training.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

MOUNTAINS.

MARTHA J. ANDERSON.

Great offspring of the Globe! what mighty throes
Upheaved in pyramids such massive piles,
And knit the granite substance, till it formed
Enduring monuments of passing time.
In firmly welded links the giant chains
Encompass lands, and bound the coast
Where restless ocean's stormy billows roll,
Or calmer seas reflect their grand repose.
What altitudes! what towering heights sublime!
Grey, cragged cliffs and steep escarpments bare,
Plateaus outspread like broad savannas lie,
And peaks majestic, wear their gleaming crowns.

In regions of eternal ice and snow;
 Or where the torrid rays directly fall,
 Volcanic craters pour their fiery blast,
 Engulfing cities, and destroying plains.
 Sad records tell that thus fair Pompeii fell;
 And Herculaneum shared her wretched fate.
 What awe-inspiring feelings thrill the mind,
 When contemplation touches on a theme
 So rich in beauty and diversity,
 In viewless range, outstretching finite sight.
 Of all the features of the landscape scene,
 The mountains most conspicuous appear;
 Their wooded slopes—in living verdure bright—
 Conserve the moisture of the atmosphere,
 While from their rocky crevices and clefts,
 Gush forth the limpid springs, which overflow
 The smiling valleys, and the desert waste
 Which lies afar from fertile, woodclad hills,
 Where sunbeams scorch, but clouds disdain
 To stoop, when freighted with refreshing showers.
 From white capped crest, where golden shafts descend
 The noble cascade leaps in weird delight;
 From dizzy heights it foams and dashes down,
 Resounding through the canyons solemn depths;
 Then, mingling in the dark abyss below,
 The echo of its music dies away
 In the calm silence of the lonely wild.
 Deep flowing rivers have their secret source
 In springs, or lakes that nestle in the hills;
 Or, in the myriad streams that rippling flow
 From upland turf, and fern-leaved moss grown rocks,
 Where spreading trees preclude the burning heat.
 O sacred shade! and blissful solitude!
 The saints and sages of the long ago,
 Turned from the din of worldly elements,
 And sought retreat, where nature all serene
 Mocked the fierce strife of human passions base;
 Where dense primeval forests intertwined,
 Or, in seclusion of some darksome cave,
 They paid their vows at virtue's holy shrine.
 Some dwelt as anchorites, in narrow cells
 Built in the fastnesses of mountain sides;
 While others chose the quiet shady groves,
 In which to teach the broad, unfolding truths
 Of life's religion, and philosophy.
 When polytheistic tendencies o'erruled
 The undeveloped intellect of man,
 Unnumbered gods were fashioned, in the mould
 Of mortal fancy's vague, distorted forms;
 And altars to their worship were dispersed
 Among the lovely grottoes of the hills.
 The classic bards sang of Olympia fair—
 Abode of gods—whose apex reached to heaven;
 Of Helicon, the muses blest retreat,
 And famed Parnassus—heath Apollo's rule—
 Where inspirations of divinity,
 Through living oracles revealed to man
 The truth of his eternal destiny.
 The ancient nations of the mystic East,
 In centuries preceding human lore,
 Hewed from the solid quartz at mountain base,
 Their spacious subterranean fane;
 These were adorned with wondrous works of art,
 Colossal forms and emblematic signs;

With paintings highly wrought in changeless hues
 Appeared upon the walls in bold relief;
 And though the blight of time has o'er them passed,
 A study and a marvel still remain.
 Historic races had their origin
 Among the rugged highlands of the North;
 Born with a conquering energy of will,
 They pressed their way diverse from peopled lands,
 And founded nationalities their own.
 From orient to occident, is traced
 The onward march of the advancing host,
 Where empires rise, and civic law prevails,
 And youthful science waves her magic wand.
 Imagination, wrapped in silken robes,
 May revel still in mythologic dreams;
 Where palm trees wave and nature drops her sweets
 Content to rest on the unchanging past.
 But sterner qualities on reason built,
 Uprose like Rome upon her seven hills,
 And gave new impulse to progressive life.
 No more the slave of superstitious fear,
 Nor manacled by olden, honored rites,
 Man stands a man and claims the right to think.
 With stimulated active powers of mind,
 Inventive genius aways the growing West;
 It plows the waves, and spans the trackless waste,
 Through depths unseen the strange electric wire
 Winds coral reefs, and pearl-embedded vales,
 And bears intelligence from shore to shore.
 The mountains rest no more in quietude;
 The antelope and deer the forests flee;
 And the wild hunter—crushed in hope forlorn—
 Retreats, with bow and arrows at his side;
 For lo! the iron horse succeeds the chase,
 And traverses the pathless, rocky track,
 Where the proud eagle thought her nest secure;
 Or, thundering through the very heart of hills,
 It starts the beast from out his hidden lair,
 And in its train, come all the arts
 Of civilized and complicated life.
 While continents shall clasp magnetic hands,
 And glittering steel unite all lands as one,
 Can we not pray that love's fraternal bands,
 May thus cement the nations of the earth?
 Thus through the interchange of wealth and thought,
 The brotherhood of man shall stronger be.
 Religion, Science, interblending truths,
 Broad in expression, yet shall meet the needs
 And mould humanity harmoniously;
 Then "beautiful upon the mountain's height,"
 Will be the feet of those who gladly bear
 The tidings of a universal peace;
 That, like the morning dawn, shall greet
 The hills and vales of every land,
 And make the world, a paradise of love.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

—He that does good to another man also
 does it to himself, not only in the conse-
 quence, but in the very act of doing it, for
 the consciousness of well doing is an ample
 reward.

PRAYER.

JAMES S. GLASS.

Prayer is the breath of the soul. A breathing operation, through the spiritual organs of respiration; by which the soul is nourished, and furnished with food, and clothing, necessary to its existence, and eternal progression; being analogous to breathing through the physical organs, the lungs, by which the external body is animated, and moved, by the essential elements, of an outward physical existence.

Although this operation, in both cases, is involuntary and natural, yet it can be rendered more powerfully effective for good or evil, by voluntary exercise; the will, and mind, combining the strength of all the faculties, of soul and body. So it appears we *must* pray, "whether we will or no."—But to make more profit by prayer, we must earnestly use our most important faculty of Judgment; to reason, and discern, what we need to progress us, unto real happiness; which is that blessed condition, that all rational beings desire to attain unto. But why are so many disappointed, and come short of this all desirable object? We might say briefly, because of a lack of understanding what to pray for, and how to ask aright.

Perhaps we might enlighten our understandings by looking farther than this comprehensive, and indisputable answer. The details of such a study, and meditation, let every one run out for themselves.

It is sufficient to show that our associative assembly for the more special purposes of the sacred gift of prayer, is no idle, trifling, or unimportant object. If

we choose to trifle with it, it will fail to be as edifying, and beneficial, as it is our privilege, if not our duty, to make it.

But as the subject embraces, and comprehends, a much greater field than I am capable of harvesting, I will leave it, for abler heads, and more inspired pens than mine, to do justice to this peculiarly interesting theme.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

"What Shall I Do To Become A Shaker?"

ELDER F. W. EVANS.

1st. Examine yourself. Generation is the life of the world—the corner stone of human society. Do you wish to die to it—to all its ties, relations and connections? If not, you do not want to be a Shaker. Let Shakerism alone.

2nd. Except Christ be in you, as Christ was in Jesus, you cannot be a Shaker.

3rd. Are you free from legal bonds and obligations? What is your state, single, or married? Your age? Your health, mental and physical? Your education, business, or profession? What disciplinary process, or educational history has brought you to the end of the world, causing you to ask, "What can I do to become a Shaker?"—a Christian?

If you *will* come, to the extent of your ability, pay all just and honorable debts—right all wrongs done to any human being. Then collect your just dues—gather up your all, in money, clothing and goods, that you come not empty handed to be fed and clothed while going through a probationary trial and investigation, preparatory to full consecration of covenant membership.

No wages paid, nor charges made, during probationary membership.

Let none come to spy out our liberties—to appropriate the knowledge, garnered in the Institution, to selfish, worldly ends—nor to act as critics, or dictators to the Order of Shakers.

All such are welcome to establish a better Church than ours—but *here* they are not welcome. Except a man, or woman accept the Kingdom of Heaven—Shakerism—as a little child accepts earthly things—through parents—neither he, nor she can become a Shaker.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

INDIANS. No. 10.

JAMES S. PRESCOTT.

*"The white man wants the Indians' home."
"Chickasaw."*

We learn with regret from the "COUNCIL FIRE" published in Washington *how* the white man is trying to get away the Indian's home in the Indian Territory. It is as follows. "The Indian nations are contesting our rights (and well they may,) to establish a new Territory viz: Oklahoma—where we could get ourselves down from St. Louis, and Cairo, and get away with 23,000,000, acres of the finest valley lands in the Indian Territory, much of which is improved—worth to day \$10 to \$20 per acre. This small part of subsidy would role the red man, 'tis true, but would benefit us about \$200,000,000. Why should we not have it?"

Answer.

1. You should not have it, for the following reasons—you have robbed the Indians enough already, and too much altogether, and it is high time this robbery was stopped.

2. It is no more justifiable to rob the Indian because he is an Indian, of his

land and home, than it is a white man, although the crime is much more common.

3. You should not have it because it is the Indian's "~~H~~OME"—"SWEET HOME"! "There is no place like HOME"! and it is just as sweet to the Indian in his Wigwam and blanket, as it is to the white man in his splendid palace. Why should he be deprived of it?

4. You should not have it because it belongs exclusively to the Indians, and should be secured to them by law, for nine hundred and ninety nine years, during which time it should be a closed door, which no *white* man can open as a possessor.

5. You should not have it, because the Indians have claims on the United States which no other nation have, for lands in their possession, unpaid for. Why rob them of any more?

6. You should not have it, because it is the only place the Indians have to fall back on, when they are crowded out, and robbed of other reservations as they surely will be by the whites.

7. You should not have it, because the Indian Territory is destined to become the future Mecca of the Indians, a permanent home where all the tribes must ultimately be gathered for safety and protection, besides, you cannot establish a new territory over the Indians without their consent, which they will never give, and you cannot do it without violating an express law of the United States.

We learn too from the same source, that "The Terms for bill passed the House by a small majority. When it reached the Senate, a majority was counted upon by its friends, but when it came upon its final passage, a proposi-

tion was made and adopted for a Commission, composed of three Senators, and five Representatives, to investigate and report to Congress upon the propriety of transferring the Indian Bureau to the War Department." This delay in the Senate was a wise move, not to force its passage without giving the friends of the PEACE policy time to enter their protest. It is generally conceded by the best writers on the subject, that there is no way to save the Indians but by being *civilized*.

And this can never be done by the War Department. It is said the Indians won't civilize. Why? If the War Department carries among them, as they have heretofore, guns, powder, bad whisky, and various disgusting diseases, it is true, they "won't civilize"—and they never will, under such conditions, and who can blame them? But, under the PEACE policy supported by the Government the Indians can be civilized, and have been, as proof of this we need only refer to the progress and advancement made by the "*five nations*" in the Indian Territory, viz. *Cherokees, Chickasaws, Choctaws, Creeks, and Seminoles*, and many other scattered over different parts of the U. S. who are an honor to their race. And they owe their civilization to other causes, one side and independent of the War Department.

If the Hon. Commissioners will allow the civilized Indians' testimony on this subject, consisting of 60,000, or more in the Indian Territory, we are sure this bill of "Transfer" will never pass the Senate, of the U. S. so as to become a law, and it never ought to, because the Indians are opposed to it, universally—they would rather *die*—they see

in the final issue it means *extermination*, and nothing else—and no one wants to see the Indians exterminated, unless it is some *bad whites*, who themselves or their vices ought to be exterminated, and not the Indians. It is not the *military*, alone, which the Indians fear, but, it is the *money power*, behind—it is Aristocratic Establishments, Chartered Monopolies, and Rail Road Corporations; these are undermining the Indian's Home.

North Union, Ohio.

NONCONFORMITY.

In an ably written article upon nonconformity with the world *The Brethren at Work* (Dunkard) produces the following very good points. Thus acknowledging, we would remind the above paper that there are other practices than that of dress, which to be conformed to the pattern of Christ's life, we must refrain as Christians. Does any ask: "What are they?" Let such study Christ, and read *THE MANIFESTO*. Ed.

The reason some people wear gold is because it is in their hearts. This is why they dress fine and wear costly array, following the vain and foolish fashion of the world. The fountain is corrupt—the mind not yet renewed, and we cannot reasonably expect anything better from their actions.

There are hundreds who are very strict about their dress, but seemingly about nothing else. It would appear that they have centered all their ideas of non-conformity in a few clothes. When it comes to conversation, they are just like the world. They buy and sell like the world, using their wits to drive sharp bargains, and every and any way to make a little money, just like the world, too, at that. Were it not for their dress,

you would never think about them being professors. They can talk about their neighbors; do a little tattling now and then; use rough language. In fact, conform to the world out and out, all but in dress.

Such characters are a disgrace to any church. There is no Bible non-conformity about them. It is all outside, and but little of that, while the mind remains full of corruption and deceit—has not been renewed.

Then there is another class who are very strict about the cut of their clothes. They purchase fine, costly broadcloth and have it cut in the order, thinking this is non-conformity. Such work is mockery. God has forbidden the use of fine apparel and costly array, and all the non-conformity cutting in the world will not make it right. If we are going to follow the Bible, let us be consistent about it, and not attempt to take advantage of circumstances.

Then there are sisters who seem to have too much respect for the church to wear a fine dress bonnet or hat, but will take their otherwise plain bonnet and ruffle and trim it until it is just as bad as a fashionably trimmed hat. Their dresses must be ruffled and trimmed until what little non-conformity they ever had is completely destroyed. This is worse than following the fashions of the world. It is polluting and bringing shame on a religious thing. It is degrading God's order. If we are going to be non-conformed to the world, let us be consistent about it, and not try and mix things up—half religion and half world.

True happiness has no localities;
No tones provincial; no peculiar garb.

JEW OR GENTILE.

'Last summer the land was ablaze with discussions about the Jews being excluded from one of the leading hotels. I have this to say: A Gentile is no better than a Jew—no better in morals, no better in providence and forethought. There are more Gentiles in Sing Sing and the Tombs and on Blackwell's Island than there are Jews.

The Gentiles are no better in the profession of law—Moses, the greatest lawyer who ever lived, was a Jew. They are no better in banking—Rothschild, the greatest banker, is a Jew. They are no better in military—Joshua was a Jew. They are no better statesmen—D'Israeli is a Jew. They are no better theologians—the Lord Jesus Christ was a Jew.

The Jews are not physically inferior to the Gentiles. Why is six feet high any better than five feet high? Did you ever hear of Wellington or Napoleon? They were small. I know a great many tall fools. A crane is taller than a dove. Their features are not so attractive. Who decreed that a nose curved up is any better than a nose curved down? *Uncleanly*? What a charge to be made by the smoking Gentile nation. Think of the floating pigsty attached to all railroad trains, and the gentlemen's cabins in our ferry-boats. Most of the smoke belongs to the new dispensation.

The weak point of the Gentile is not washing too much. Look at the city court room after a trial, or a public hall, after a democratic convention, or a republican meeting. Is that atmosphere all Jewish? Analyze it, and you will find it to consist of 5 parts of

whiskey, 8 parts of garlic, 1 of cologne and 1 of oxygen. I have baptized people who were so dirty that I was tempted to leave them in the tank.

Flash jewelry! That is not peculiar to the Jews. The American nation is covered up with it. You can get a 'gold' watch for \$7,50 in Chatham street. Jews sell them, but Gentiles buy them!—*T. Dewitt Talmage.*

VEGETARIANISM.

There was a discussion on this subject at a recent meeting of the Medical Society of London. True vegetarians, it was urged, eat neither butter, eggs, nor milk.

Sir Joseph Fayrer related his experience of the effects of this diet among the natives of India, and said he had no doubt that people could live on vegetables alone.

He had seen some of the finest specimens of the human race as regards strength, power of endurance, and physical development among the inhabitants of the northwest provinces of India, who were pure vegetarians; but he accounted for their condition from the fact that their food consisted chiefly of leguminous seeds, such as peas, beans, and the like, which contained a larger amount of nitrogen than other vegetables.

The president, Dr. Buchanan, remarked that in the discussion several factors should enter; as age, which was a considerable element, as no doubt people advanced in years appear to thrive on a vegetable diet, whereas children require almost a pure animal diet. Again, climate was a great factor; and in the treatment of disease

it could be strongly advocated; while, lastly and chiefly, temperance must be strictly enforced, avoiding excess in the use of animal food, and taking, in fact, a middle course.—*Journal of Chemis'try.*

CLEAN OUT OF EGYPT.

The necessity of a separation from the world, or worldly practices, has ever been a peculiar demand of the higher powers, upon those who felt it to be duty to live better than the world. Such was the call to Israel of old; first to free them from unreasonable, slavish bondage to Pharaoh; but last and best, to put between them and their resorts to ungodliness, an impassable barrier—the Red Sea. In their eagerness to get away from their human tyrants, they thereby cut themselves asunder from opportunities of indulging passion and proclivities, far baser and more tyrannical than Pharaoh's overseers.

Cut off from the display of pride, vanity, and excess in worldly station. Broken away from flesh pots, and from opportunities to engage their inordinate appetites for unnatural foods and drinks. Forced to the simple labor of each earning his or her livelihood, by gathering what each needed of simple, wholesome food.

Drink from the waters that flowed as a spring from a rock was offered, with no apparatus at hand to corrupt these into unnatural, death-dealing fluids. Compelled by the force of circumstances to be a separate people, and to relinquish the good as well as bad habits of the Egyptians—so with the peculiar people of God wherever they may be located.

Free from both bad and good, worldly habits. Celibates, not from selfish motives, but "for the kingdom of heaven's sake;" forsaking even the small good that is left amid the very galling and corrupting conditions of married selfishness. "Buying and selling" but "as though not doing so," because not for "me and mine," but for "those who believe," and "are gathered together."

The glory of worldly strife left behind, peace takes up its abode; and the worldly necessity of wars, and destruction by war uncalled for. Clean out of the Egypt, means *more* good than the best of worldly good—better than its best in all that concerns our physical habits, and our spiritual impulses and ministrations. Let us be so lifted up in godliness of our lives that we shall draw many unto us from their Egypt.

GIVE US A HEARING.

If those sincere religionists, whom we so largely respect for their sincerity, would but give us a hearing before they refuse us recognition as Christians, or other than unreasonably fanatical in our testimony, we should be greatly relieved from temptations to become impatient; while they could not better evidence the christian characteristic of forbearance.

Tell us, dear friends, wherein our testimonies or lives differ from the same of Jesus, or those taught by the little, *model* Primitive Christian Church?

You ask why we deal with institutions, considered sacred by your churches, as unchristian institutions? with marriage, the private family, personal property,

etc.? We have only one answer to these questions: Because we nowhere find any of these in Christ.

Jesus not only remained a celibate virgin, but taught this as right for His followers, and for all who would be children of the Resurrection—which He was.

Are we too stringent then with ourselves in our abstinence of marriage? or was He too stringent? Some of his immediate disciples were married men; Peter for instance: but after his conversion to Christ, he "led his wife as a sister," no more as a wife. Paul, while permitting marriage, which as a follower of Christ himself, he had no right to do, yet lived above marriage. As did the early disciples with their "possessions and goods," we aim to do like them, not only because they did, but because it is less selfish and most right.

Do we preach or practice peace any more radically than did Jesus? Who then will blame us for our unwillingness to fight?

Hear us, friends: We have done with Marriage, War, Private property, politics, and the bad and good of selfish lives, just as Jesus did. If we claim him as a leader, and to follow him, can we do differently? And are you as willing to give us as much credit for so doing, as you extend to Him of whom you also profess discipleship?

EDITORIAL NOTES.

CLOSE OF VOLUME EIGHT.

With this number, closes the eighth volume of our MONTHLY,—the ninety-sixth issue of THE SHAKER, SHAKERESS and MANIFESTO. It is circulated to and

through the world at much less than cost, being largely sustained by the consecrated contributions of a most unselfish people. That it requires more faith, generosity and hope than some have in possession; to see the necessity and duty of thus "casting our bread on the waters" of humanity, with an assurance of "its return after many days, with blessings added an hundred fold," still we mean to live on. We will greet our friends, patrons, and at least a thousand more new readers with the beginning of volume nine—parties outside of our church having volunteered at their expense to circulate so many!

We ask a continuance of kindly remembrance in prayers; and that these prayers may be so deep, fervent, unselfish and effectual, that they may be feelingly experienced, by cheerful givers to the support and continuance of our one little missionary, *THE MANIFESTO*; and we are confident, GOD WILL DEAL WITH ITS SUSTAINERS AS LIBERALLY.

OUR ANTIDOTE FOR SIN.

The world do not like Shaker testimony, nor do we think it strange. Radical Christianity never did please the world-loving. "Even so we speak," said the early apostles, "not to please men, but God" by delivering what is best for them, regardless of perverted tastes. But there are thousands on thousands, who feel accordingly grateful for our testimony of selfdenial, in the degree they practice it. Thousands now admit, and millions more will do the same, that *SELF-DENIAL* to worldly lusts, to unmanly and unwomanly perversions in worldly, unchristian pleasures, is a certain antidote to sin; and

without it, there is no Christ in us, no Savior for us, nor salvation unto higher, christian life.

1880.

It is worthy of observation and particular notice, that among an unusually large number of prophets and prophetesses abroad in the world, there appears to be a peculiar concentration upon the year 1880 for the consummation of something, that will be extraordinarily awakening in religious circles. It occurs to us, also, that many Shaker prophecies, uttered many years since, come to their conclusion in that year. We shall see: That the world needs a universal revival of genuine religious, christian practices, in love and purity of life, no one doubts. That Christ will appear in 1880 or sooner, to some and perhaps many individuals we have no doubts whatever; and we would be most happy to chronicle such appearances in 1879, or even give unmistakable evidences, in volume NINE that the day of Jubilee would assuredly dawn in 1880! "Oh, that He *would* come!"

"MOUNTAINS."

It was Bryant who wrote: "The groves were God's *first* temples, etc." but our talented sister, M. J. A. of the North Family, Mt. Lebanon, would almost persuade us in her poem, that the mountains claim the distinction of *first* and *best*. One reason, and a strong reason too, for our uniting in her opinion is, that the first, *best* sermon we ever heard of, was delivered "*On the Mount.*"

DESERVING PRAISE.

We would call the attention of our

readers to the first paper of this number, contributed by our young friend, Henry T. Clough; who though lately arrived in his teens, expresses much good judgment and sound sense. We also take this opportunity of returning our sincere thanks for many kind letters received by us, from many of our elderly and young people, but which are too personally respectful to be expressed by type; but for which we shall ever hold the donors in happy remembrances.

NOTICE.

We would kindly give notice, that with the issue of this number of THE MANIFESTO and hence, all communications and correspondence relating to THE SHAKER MANIFESTO, should be addressed: "THE SHAKER MANIFESTO, Shakers, N. Y."

CORRESPONDENCE.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

EDITOR SHAKER MANIFESTO:

At Freeville, N. Y. Sept. 29th, the writer, in company with Emil Bretzner, attended an all day meeting, a sequence of the Watkins Convention.

The Watkins Convention was a Liberal League Meeting, the object being to reform and progress the American Government as a Republican Institution, to make it the Utopia of the Reformer and the New Earth of the Theologian. Materialism was in the ascendant, with the leaders, and Spiritualism, with the people. The consequence was, the Spiritualists projected and managed the Freeville meeting in, and to subserve their own interests. Stebbins was Chairman and Peebles a principal speaker. The Shakers had no cause to complain, of want of courtesy, time nor opportunity.

It was a pleasant day. The attendance

numbered about 2,000, would have been 4,000, had it not rained just at the hour of starting from the people's homes. As it was, it proved a most harmonious, happy assembly. Cordial greetings and kind wishes were the order of the hour at parting. I was much impressed by the Religious sensation evident among the attendants, particularly the females who were seriously and sensibly affected by a certain class of truths pertaining to social life. Many grateful feelings to the Shakers were expressed, with remarks that they should go home and be better men and women, better husbands and wives, better fathers and mothers, than ever before.

A John Baptist spirit is evidently at work among Spiritualists. The lectures of some of the feminine Speakers, who have spoken plain truths to plain people, and for which the Orthodox censure them, are producing practical results. A Christ Baptism will be in order, when the way is more fully prepared.

Jeremiah, 51: 21, "Israel is my battle-axe and weapon of war. With thee will I break in pieces the husbandman and his yoke of oxen—private property, the captain and ruler, the war power—Man and Woman, the young man and the virgin—the marriage relation. With thee, I will dash nations together and destroy kingdoms." It might be added, With thee, I will build the waste places and comfort those who mourn. With thee, I will restore again, in a Religious Community, all the good, minus the evil, of individuality.

The reproductive order will be supplanted, as Jacob supplanted Esau, by the Spiritual Resurrection of the True Gospel Order.

F. W. EVANS.

Help One Another—The race of mankind would perish did they cease to aid each other. From the time that the mother binds the child's head, till the moment that some kind assistant wipes the death-damp from the brow of the dying, we cannot exist without mutual help. All, therefore, who need aid, have a right to ask it from their fellow-mortals; no one who holds the power of granting can refuse without guilt.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

ANN LEE.

*Her work, her People, and their Critics.**Ninth Paper.*

The travels of Mother Ann had ended; and from the time she arrived at Watervliet, until her decease there remained to her only one year and three days. Rest from traveling they did; but Ann Lee and her companions never labored harder for the good of the cause, nor for the particular good of souls, than during the year following her arrival at Watervliet—the last year of her life. Meetings, Meetings, Meetings with and for the enlightenment of visitors and to keep their own religious zeal at a white heat, were the order of the day, and particularly at night, often lasting all night, being still in progress at break of day.

On July 21. 1784 William Lee, the noble brother of Mother Ann died, more from injuries received at the hands of mobs, and from complete exhaustion than from any other noticeable cause. Immediately after this brother's decease, the physical breaking down of Mother Ann was particularly observed; and her oft-repeated expressions of "Brother William is calling to me;" and "Yea, brother, I am coming soon," caused her companions to feel great anxiety, and to question the cause of these remarks.

She would answer that she often saw William beckoning her to come, and that she knew she must soon go. She grew weaker and weaker in body, yet stronger if possible, in the encouragement of people to keep the faith, and to be more faithful after she had gone.

On the eighth of Sept. 1784, a few minutes after twelve in the morning she said: "*I see brother William coming in a golden chariot, to take me home!*" and then breathed her last without a struggle or a groan. Thus closed the life of a remarkable woman—a woman who, if ever there was one acquainted with unmerited grief and worldly persecution, she was that one.

Ann Lee was a woman of strong constitution, inclining to exceed the usual size of women; very straight, and generally well proportioned in form; of a light complexion,

blue eyes, with hair of a light, chestnut brown. Her appearance was rather majestic; and many, other than her faithful followers called her a beautiful woman. She was unlearned; her education was what she could derive from observation and inspiration; her language was very simple, and so plain was she in speaking to the point of conversation, address or rebuke, that she was, no doubt, often chargeable with bluntness. There was nothing mealy-mouthed about her; yet she never would purposely hurt the feelings of any, even of her enemies.

She knew nothing of the school of Chesterfield, nor its inculcations; but she taught in her natural language and life, of principles and power which the most esthetic science would or might fail of being capable; and the results of obedience to her teachings and example, were beautifying to individuals, within and without. Withal she was a meek woman; was never known to act in the least out of humor, angry, nor to exhibit the slightest ruffle at a personal insult.

She was powerful in testimony, and the plainest in the denunciation of every passionate impulse leading to the gratification of the flesh; but invariably applied these testimonies to herself as to any others.

She was very sympathetic and motherly, making others to feel completely released from condemnation, by drowning them in the depths of her love and affection. Of her plain and stirring instructions we will have more to say in future. At her funeral, there gathered a large concourse of her faithful followers, and very many not of the faith.

She had lived an adorable life; and the world seems but just waking up, to give her even a moiety of the credit she deserved.

She was buried close by her lowly log-cabin; but a few years after, was disinterred to be placed in the centre of a plain, but convenient cemetery in the centre of the village of Shakers, N. Y. By the enlargement of the burying-ground, its original symmetry has been disturbed, exhibiting now, to the west of the centre, a *very plain slab*, made of Helderberg flags, rising above the ground about two feet only, and bearing the letters: "M."—Mother Ann Lee.

A. L.—Mother Ann Lee.

WHICH SHALL WE HONOR MOST, Honest Infidelity or Dishonest Christianity?

It is a singular fact, that while the so-called Christianity of popular churches, and the Infidelity of *The Boston Investigator* type, are at bitter variance concerning theologies, they strike hands as a unit, and are "as the heart of one" in opposition to SHAKER principles. We honor every one for clinging to honest beliefs. Infidels to Christianity are to be honored, if we can credit their sincerity in opposing Christian principles from honest motives. But what shall we say of those, professing Christianity, who yet as boldly, and more vituperatively oppose, condemn and crucify the life-principles of Christ, than do any infidels?

The Boston Investigator has a correspondent to deal with,—one who wants to live without work—live upon the earnings of others—and who foolishly thinks the Shakers are the people whom he can fleece. We coincide completely in the parting advice to him of the *Investigator*; but we present its article entire to show how intelligently it speaks of our principles while disagreeing with them; and to ask particular attention to the fact, that while it opposes, it acknowledges our principles to be very Christian—first class Christian! While the majority of so-called Christian Churches, not only are dishonest in opposing Shaker principles because of their dislike to practice them, but also call them *un-Christian*, to ease their guilty consciences! Churchism and Infidelity at one on Shakerism! But which deserves the most honor?

SHAKERISM.

An editor of a paper like the *INVESTIGATOR* should know a little something

of almost everything, because Infidels are inquisitive people who are in the pursuit of knowledge, (often under difficulties,) and so they have a proclivity for asking questions considerably more than we know how to answer, though when we do get *cornered*, we might, if we were pious, satisfy the inquirer by saying, "What you can't unravel, learn to trust!"

But this kind of a manœuvre would hardly be an answer to "J. G.," who writes us, substantially, that he is thinking seriously of becoming a Shaker; that he cannot seem to succeed as a mechanic, but perhaps might if he were a member of a Shaker community, for he says he has "observed that Shakers are fat and dress well, and don't seem to look as if they worked hard, and *this with me is a great thing!*" He finally concludes, after writing about three pages of his history and that of his father, uncle, aunt, and several cousins, (all very interesting—to himself,) that he will try his hand at becoming a Shaker; "but first," says he, "just tell me, if you please, what Shakerism is?"

In a few words, then, and as we understand it, *Shakerism*, *per se*, or in itself, is *primitive Christianity*. Its chief features are,—*property in common, unmarried lives, no families, no children, no politics, no civil government, no voting, and no acceptance of office*. If this is a correct definition of Shakerism, it may answer for another and a spiritual world, perhaps, but it is not adapted to this earth and to the United States especially, for here we don't want any exclusive religion, neither "primitive" nor otherwise; but we do want that every man should have a few dollars of his own, get married, raise a family, vote, be in-

terested in Government, and, if he is honest, capable, and faithful to the Constitution, be elected to office. Conclusion: We would not advise "J. G." to become a Shaker.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Sometime ago Chicago ejected from its public schools all books containing the names of *God, Christ*, and other religious terms. An effort lately made to repeal such action, was quite unsuccessful. Chicago means to keep Church and State separate, and in this is a model city.

New Haven's school board, decided to dispense with the uses of Bible, Prayers, Psalms, Hymns or religious songs in any of the city schools; by so doing it "renders unto God the things that are His" in their proper place.

Here is what Prof. Swing has to say of the yellow fever:

The yellow fever is only the general unreasonableness of city existence. It is a final outbreak of pent up forces. The human constitution can endure dirt and bad food and bad air for a time. A powerful race may resist disease for ten or twenty years, but at last the steps become feeble and the enemy in the air and in the blood makes the assault. We call this enemy yellow fever, or small-pox, or cholera, or scurvy, or plague, but under any of these names it is only the final shape of un wisdom. Man looks after his commerce and neglects his physical laws.

We honor Elder F. W. EVANS for his energetic defense, in the Watkins Convention, of the physical manifestations. A correspondent who was present informs us that Mr. EVANS did so "with all the grandeur of an old Roman orator."—*Banner of Light*.

DOCTRINE.

Jesus was the Corner Stone of a Temple built of Celibates who called nothing their

own, they having all property in common, and who would not fight, because they loved their neighbors as they loved themselves.

Oliver Prentiss.

Says the *Harbinger of Light*, Melbourne, Australia: The *Shaker Manifesto* for June comes to us full of good things, live ideas and spiritualizing thoughts. How little the world knows of the principles of these good people. We should like to get subscribers for their representative paper, and will send for some specimen copies, to distribute gratis to those who want to know what the Shakers are.

The following tribute was paid to the cousin of our Elder H. L. Eades. The additional letter in the latter's name was added by an uncle of theirs:

Captain Eads, who built the St. Louis bridge and the Mississippi jetties, has been presented by the Brazilian Minister with an autograph letter from the Emperor Dom Pedro, in French, requesting him to come to Brazil. The Emperor says that the Brazilian government is in need of an engineer experienced in the improvement and navigation of rivers, and highly compliments Eads on his ability.

A PERFUMED CHURCH.

The wonderful and beautiful building known as the Mosque of St. Sophia, in Constantinople, is always fragrant with the odor of musk, has been so for hundreds of years (ever since it was rebuilt), and nothing has since been done to keep it perfumed. How do you suppose this wonder has been performed? In the year 538—more than a thousand years ago—the mortar with which it is built was charged with musk, and there it is to this day!

HE DIED RICH.

How hard some men strive all their lives to have it said of them when they have passed hence—"he died rich!"

Relatives and friends who are left behind seem to consider it a compliment to the dead to dwell upon the theme—"he died rich!"

And now comes up the question. Is it an honor to a man to die rich? Is the world any better for a man to die rich than it would be if the same man died poor? Is the man any happier in the next life on account of it?

If the spirit is conscious after death, is it any satisfaction to that spirit, in the other life, to know that he left a hundred thousand or two for his relatives to quarrel over, and break his will over, and on account of which they are to be at swords points with each other through all time?—*Hudson Register.*

LOSING, FOR THE GAIN OF OTHERS.

Reformatory periodicals are nowhere a pecuniary success. If put forth from such motives, *failure* is the most common of consequences. We publish and circulate THE MANIFESTO at less than cost; and while pleading for an increasing subscription list, we mean to return more than we ask. The selfish and self-seeking, are blinded to the fruitful prospects that come from "casting bread upon the waters," because no immediate profits accrue to them. "*What have you done for others?*" will be very poorly responded to by some, when this question shall ding in their ears in the eternal world, and the answer will be: "*Only what I was forced to!*" The Oneida Community published *The Circular* one year, at a loss of \$2400.00; while our loss may yet prove more imaginary than real.

IDLE BOYS AND GIRLS.

Idleness is the mother of vice, and a boy or girl who is allowed to grow up in idleness is pretty sure to be a vicious man or woman. The parents of such children have a fearful responsibility resting upon them when they let them run about at late hours of the night instead of keeping them at home, reading good newspapers and books, and training them into moral habits, so as to become respectable, instead of idlers, rum-drinkers, loafers, and gamblers, and worse which are sure to be the case with the night-runners and day-idlers, and then the responsibility is increased. Give the children plenty to do, and you will preserve their morals. Better a tired body than a vitiated mind.—*Ex.*

PRAYER AND POTATOES.

An old lady sat in her old arm-chair,
With wrinkled visage, disheveled hair,
And hunger-worn features;
For days and for weeks her only fare,
As she sat in her old arm-chair,
Had been potatoes.

But now they were gone; of bad or good,
Not one was left for the old lady's food,
Of those potatoes;
And she sighed and said, "What shall I do?
Where shall I send, and to whom shall I go
For more potatoes?"

And she thought of the deacon over the way,
The deacon so ready to worship and pray,
Whose cellar was full of potatoes, [come,
And she said, "I will send for the deacon to
He'll not mind much to give me some
Of such a stere of potatoes."

And the deacon came over as fast as he could,
Thinking to do the old lady some good,
But never, for once, of potatoes;
He asked her at once what was her chief want,
And she, poor soul, expecting a grant,
Immediately answered, "Potatoes."

But the deacon's religion didn't lie that way;
He was more accusom'd to preach and to pray
Than to give of his hoarded potatoes; [said
So, not hearing, of course what the old lady
He rose to pray with uncovered head,
But she only thought of potatoes.

He prayed for patience and wisdom and grace,
But when he prayed, "Lord give her peace,"
She audibly sighed, "give potatoes;"

At the end of each prayer which he said,
He heard, or thought that he heard in its stead
The same request for potatoes. [do,
The deacon was troubled; knew not what to
'Twas very embarrassing to have her act so
About "those carnal potatoes."

So, ending his prayer, he started for home,
But as the door closed, he heard a deep groan,
"Oh, give to the hungry potatoes."

And that groan followed him all the way home
In the midst of the night it haunted his room,
"O, give to the hungry potatoes!"

He could bear it no longer, arose and dress'd,
From his well-filled cellar taking in haste
A bag of his best potatoes.

Again, he went to the widow's lone hut;
Her sleepless eyes she had not yet shut;
But there she sat, in that old arm-chair, [air,
With the same wan features; the same sad
And, entering, he poured on the floor
A bushel or more from his goodly store
Of choice potatoes.

The widow's heart leaped up for joy,
Her face was haggard and wan no more.
"Now," said the deacon, "shall we pray?"
"Yes" said the widow, "Now you may,"
And he kneel'd him down on the sanded floor,
Where he poured this goodly store,
And such a prayer the deacon prayed
As never before his lips essayed;
No longer embarrassed, but free and full,
He poured out the voice of a liberal soul,
And the widow responded a loud "Amen,"
But said no more of potatoes.

And would you who hear this simple tale,
Pray for the poor, and praying "prevail,"
Then preface your prayers with alms & deeds;
Search out the poor their wants & their needs,
Pray for peace, and grace, and spiritual food,
[good,
For wisdom, and guidance, for all these are
But don't forget the potatoes.

A Good Law.

The State of Indiana made a law in 1835, that for every profane and blasphemous use of the name of GOD, JESUS CHRIST or other sacred names, a fine of not less than one, nor more than three dollars shall be levied. Good; *now let this law be attended to*, or let its swearers pay off its share of the National debt.

A Good Reminder.

The earliest converts to Christianity in Africa, were very earnest and regular in their private devotions.

They had no closets, rooms for retirement, but each had a separate spot in the thicket, to which he used to go. The several paths to these little Bethels became distinctly marked; and, when any one began to decline in the ways of God, it was soon manifest to his fellows, and they would remind him of

his duty, by saying, "*Brodder, de grass grow on your path yonder.*"

The World of Anecdote.

Selected.

Plain Talk from a Public Paper.

The diversion of thought and energy toward these dreams of a king coming in the clouds is a waste of spiritual force which the community cannot afford. The community just at this time needs all the service the Church can give in training men in fidelity to their duties here and now. The sober fact that should force itself on religious men is that the churches have largely failed in training their members in the virtues which are most essential to a society like ours. . . . The hard fact which every week's news bring home, is that church membership is no guarantee that a man is faithful in public life or upright in business. But it ought to be.

The Church is bound to show that it does not hold devotedness and liberality to be in any sort substitutes for integrity. Its teachers are bound to preach honesty and faithfulness, not merely in general propositions, but in practical, searching demands. What does honesty require of a salesman? How far ought one to consider his customer's interest in a bargain? Does a man owe his creditors anything beyond what the law will exact? What are the moral obligations of a holder of trust funds? How far are the accepted methods in politics consistent with high principle? These are the things the ministers should concern themselves and their hearers with, for these are matters of daily duty,—vital if Christ were coming to-morrow, vital if He should never come at all among clouds and angels.—*Springfield Republican.*

The Martyrdom of Huss.

The martyrdom of John Huss is thus related by Draper: "He was then made to kneel down and receive his sentence. It condemned his writings and his body to the

flames. He was then degraded and despoiled of his orders. Some of the bishops mocked at him; some merciful, implored him to recant. They cut his hair in the form of a cross and set upon his head a high paper crown on which devils were painted, 'We devote thy soul to the devils in hell.' 'And I commend my soul to the most merciful Lord Christ Jesus.' He was then led forth. They passed by the bishop's palace where Huss' books were burning. As they tied him with a piece of chain to his stake the painted crown fell off, but the soldiers replaced it. 'Let him and his devils be burned together.' As the flames burnt over him he chanted psalms and prayed to the redeemer." Can that be true which requires for its support the murder of a true man?

FUNERAL EULOGIES.

Said a certain man of parts and great vices: 'Do not let such a minister speak at my funeral, for he will lie in my favor; nor such a one, for he will gloat over my sins; but get a man of sense, that will leave me with God and posterity and say a tender word to my family.' The praising of bad or equivocal men by the press or the pulpit has a bad effect on youth, by instilling into their minds the feeling that there is, after all, no radical distinction between the good and the bad.

We live in an age of pleasant frauds. Russia leather is made in Connecticut, Bordeaux wine is manufactured on Kelley's Island, French lace is woven in New York, Italian marble is dug in Kentucky, Marseilles linen is produced in Massachusetts, English cassimere is made in New Hampshire, Parisian art work comes from a shop in Boston, Spanish mackerel are caught on the New Jersey coast, and Havana cigars are rolled by the million in Detroit. And for practical purposes it is of small account. "A rose by any other name," etc. But if one is troubled by a notion that things are only valuable if genuine—that shams are inherently and forever wrong and annoying—why then he must cultivate exceeding shrewdness, and not hope to get things "cheap."

"GOD BLESS OUR HOME."

It is well enough to hang up a chromo with "God Bless our Home" on it, but it will do no harm to help on the matter by a little less fretting. A great many people ask the Lord to do what they won't lift their little fingers to do themselves.

Why The World Hates Christians.

It is an utter delusion to suppose that there is any innate response to the perfect moral purity, or any innate admiration of "the true, the pure, the just, the kind, the good, and the beautiful," in the heart of man. God gave man, 1,800 years ago, a perfect pattern of purity, truth, and love, in the person of our Lord while he was upon earth. And yet we are told he was "hated."

True Christians must never be surprised if they are "hated" like their Lord. "The disciple is not above his Master."—"Marvel not, my brethren, if the world hate you." (Matt. x. 24; John iii. 13.) In fact, the more like Christ they are, the more likely to be "hated." Moreover, they must not be cast down, and make themselves miserable, under the idea that it is their inconsistencies the world hates, and that if they were more consistent and lovely in life, the world would like them better. This is a complete mistake, and a common delusion of the devil. What the world hates about Christians is neither their doctrines nor their faults, but their holy lives. Their lives are a constant testimony against the world, which makes the men of the world feel uncomfortable, and therefore the world hates them.

Let us note, that unpopularity among men is no proof that a Christian is wrong, either in faith or practice. The common notion of many, that it is a good sign of a person's character to be well-spoken of by everybody, is a great error. When we see how our Lord was regarded by the wicked and worldly of His day, we may well conclude that it is a very poor compliment to be told that we are liked by everybody.

—*Montreal Star.*

Sowing And Reaping.

Respectfully referred to every Shaker Society.

Sow with a generous hand,
 Pause not for toil nor pain;
 Weary not through the heat of summer,
 Weary not through the cold spring rain;
 But wait till the autumn comes
 For the sheaves of golden grain.
 Scatter the seed, and fear not,
 A table will be spread;
 What matter if you are too weary
 To eat your hard earned bread!
 Sow, while the earth is broken,
 For the hungry must be fed.
 Sow,—while the seeds are lying
 In the warm earth's bosom deep,
 And your warm tears fall upon it,—
 They will stir in their quiet sleep;
 And the green blades rise the quicker,
 Perchance for the tears you weep.
 Then sow,—for the hours are fleeting,
 And the seed must fall, to-day;
 And care not what hands shall reap it,
 Or if you have passed away
 Before the waving corn-fields
 Shall gladden the sunny day.
 Sow; and look onward, upward,
 Where the starry light appears,—
 Where, in spite of the coward's doubting,
 Or your own heart's doubts and fears,
 You shall reap in joy the harvest
 You have sown, to-day, in tears.

—Adelaide Proctor.

OBITUARY.

At Shakers, N. Y., Oct. 21, James (Jeremiah) Lowe, aged 82.

At Canaan, N. Y., Oct. 1, Theophilus Schernberg, aged 62.

At Canaan, N. Y., Oct. 12, Marietta Goodwin, aged 13.

At Mt. Lebanon, N. Y., Nov. 1, Sarah Dean, aged 79 years.

At Alfred, Me., Oct. 22, Eldress Jane Tarbox, aged 86 years.

At Alfred, Me., Oct. 23, Shubal B. Vance, aged 76 years.

HOME TOPICS.

Cure For Chapped Hands.—A solution of cider vinegar and pure glycerine in equal parts will cure the most stubborn chapped hands on even the thinnest skin.

Delicate Alkali.—A small piece of chalk put into a pitcher of water, without imparting any taste whatever to the same, will yet exercise a corrective effect upon the stomach of any one afflicted with acidity, or heartburn, as it is familiarly called.

Home-Made Court-Plaster.—The following recipe comes to us well recommended: One ounce of French isinglass; one pint of warm water; stir till it dissolves; add ten cents' worth of pure glycerine and five cents' worth of tincture of arnica; lay a piece of white or black silk on a board and paint it over with the mixture.

Prepared Glue.—In half a pint of water in a wide-mouthed bottle put eight ounces of best glue, place the bottle in water, and heat until the glue is dissolved. Then stir in slowly two and a half ounces of strong nitric acid. Cork tightly. Glue thus prepared is always ready for use, and may be applied to mending furniture, broken vessels, and other articles not exposed to water.

A New Fruit.

A novel freak of nature was lately shown us by D. A. Buckingham, the venerable elder of Watervliet Society at Shakers, N. Y. It was about eighteen inches of grape vine, of Delaware variety, upon which he had, early in the spring, stuck an early Rose potato to prevent the vine from bleeding. The vine had grown four or five feet from the ground, and the potato had sprouted, and maintaining its vitality had grown nearly all over its surface, curious mongrel fruit resembling equally well, potatoes and grapes, perhaps to the number of fifty. The green foliage around the fruit was equally mixed, half and half of potato and grape leaves. It is the purpose

of the Elder, we learn, to try his hand at bringing into use, either a potato with a grape skin, or a grape as large as a potato; and we wish him success in either case.

Oatmeal as an Article Of Diet.—It is surprising how enormously the consumption of oatmeal has increased in our cities within the past few years; but we suspect that its merits as a cheap and highly nutritious food are not so generally appreciated in the country. Every one knows how generally it is eaten in Scotland, and in some parts of England it is equally popular as an article of diet. A correspondent of an English paper says:

"In West Cumberland, Westmoreland, and North Lancashire, especially in the rural parts, it forms the staple of our food, not only amongst the laboring classes, but also in the families of tradesmen and the well-to-do; the children of most of them have porridge at least once a day. For the past forty years I have made my breakfast of a pint of oatmeal porridge, with very rare exceptions, and nothing else, fasting for four hours afterwards. If, however, I take any other form of breakfast, I find myself very hungry before the next meal, which is never the case when I have had my porridge. I feel assured that if the laborers of the southern counties, with their children, would but take a basin of oatmeal and milk porridge night and morning, with such other food as they can procure in the interval, we should have a much stronger and healthier race of men and women than now exists. A few years ago I had a Devonshire girl living with me as a servant. The girl was willing enough to work, but had not the stamina to perform it. This I found, on questioning her, arose from the deficient and ill-advised diet on which she had been reared. She shortly began to take her porridge night and morning, and this, with a daily mid-day meal of meat, enabled her to perform her duties with ease."

A very fair oak stain may be produced by equal parts of potash and pearlash, say two ounces of each to about a quart of water. Keep it corked up in a bottle, and it is always ready for use; if it strikes too deep a color, add more water.



QUONDAM SAILOR.

WILLIAM G. LIBBEY.

CHAP. XI.

The reason of my leaving Eimeo was from an unrest that came upon my mind. The cause of which I have never been able to understand. I had previously been quite contented, and was fast becoming a native in every respect even the color of my skin changed by exposure. I was acquiring their language, ate their food with good relish, whether cooked or raw. In truth, I loved the natives and their pleasant island home. It was the goal of my long cherished hopes. Yet when the unrest came over me, suddenly, like a pall, my joy was gone forever!

Although my brother had not become reconciled to the natives or their islands, yet he was not prepared for the sudden start which I urged. He said: "What use to be in such a hurry?" I could assign no reason only, that I felt impelled to leave the islands. Although in love with this easy half civilized life when in Eimeo, I can now see very clearly what its effect would have been on my life,—our northern energy would soon have been conquered by the influence of a tropical climate and we should have become Tahitians in indolence at least. But I am grateful to a kind Providence for "whipping me out of this lazy utopia."

As our companions were going in their boat with a load of sweet potatoes to Tahiti, we went with them. Soon after our arrival, Capt. Ray of the barque *Draco* of Fairhaven, a whaler, being in want of men, asked my brother and myself to go with him. Accordingly, we shipped to be discharged in Talcahuano in Chili. In a few days, we were again on the great south Pacific ocean, cruising for whales.

Now my kind young friends who have patiently followed us from Fanning's island to the deck of the pleasant old *Draco*, I must

reluctantly yield to the necessity of skipping over minute details of this my last cruise in a whaler. Thanking the Editor and Publisher for their lengthened patience I will try to close with the year 1878.

The officers and men on board the ship were agreeable companions. Nothing occurred for several months to disturb the quiet routine of daily life at sea in the South Pacific. The weather was uniformly good, time passed pleasantly, and we found no reason to regret having joined the good old ship.

On the last day of the year 1842, I came very near losing my Brother. We had lowered our boats for a number of sperm whales that came near the ship. The boat to which I belonged fastened to what whale-men call a forty barrel bull,—considered the most dangerous kind of sperm whale. The chief mate had lanced him and he was spouting blood, an indication that he was mortally wounded and would soon be ours. Just then one of the crew of the second mate's boat said to that officer: "Let us go down and have a finger in that pie." Poor man! I think these were his last words, for the second mate taking his lance, the harpooner, the steering oar, his boat came down before the wind striking the whale on the windward side. As the boat struck, the second mate gave him a lance which would have killed him, but the whale turned suddenly, striking the boat and crushing it to pieces! As I looked, it seemed the boat's crew were all lost. A feeling of terrible anguish came over me,—my brother was one of that crew, and I thought had gone from my sight forever! But hope revived when I saw several men rise to the surface and swim toward our boat. The line that held us to the whale was cut, and seizing our oars, we pulled to the rescue of our struggling shipmates.

The carpenter who suggested going on to the whale, was never seen again. He pulled the midship oar and was no doubt instantly killed as he was seated directly under the fearful stroke. We saved the whale, and as I was helping under the main top to get up the tackle for hoisting in the blubber, I noticed it was growing quite dark, on enquiry, I learned that there was an eclipse of the Sun. This with our terrible accident made the day

a gloomy one indeed. Nothing remarkable occurred during the remainder of this cruise.

When we arrived at Talcahuano, after our six month's voyage in the old *Draco*, the captain discharged us according to previous agreement. At this place I parted company with my brother,—he shipping in a homeward-bound whaler, while I joined a Chilean ship belonging to Valparaiso, in which I remained about six months, suffering the same unrest I had first felt at Eimeo. Leaving the *Hermosa Chilona* at Valparaiso, I shipped in an English brig bound for Swansea in Wales. On getting out to sea in this vessel, she was found to be unseaworthy, and the crew headed by the carpenter, forced the captain to put back at Valparaiso. Here I was taken sick and went to the American hospital where I was treated very kindly by the English steward.

This hospital was on high ground overlooking the harbor and as I recovered from my sickness I kept a bright look-out for ships bearing the American ensign. The very sight of the old flag with its stars and stripes in that far land, was a comfort to me. I had no definite course in mind to pursue,—my only thought was to go to sea in some merchant ship. I was resolved on going in no more whalers.

One day as I sat watching the shipping as usual, the thought came suddenly to my mind: "I will go to the Shakers!" Now nothing was more foreign to my previous plans. I instantly rejected it; yet so very strongly was the idea presented, that I began to reason. Well, it is a good place in which to prepare for the future life, and now the opportunity is offered me, I will accept it. It seemed that I could not withstand the impression. As soon as I yielded, a joyous thankfulness filled my heart, and I fell upon my knees to thank God for the bright prospect that opened before me. The unrest vanished! The cause of which change I have yet to learn.

But how should I reach there? Would the Lord provide? In a few days to my surprise the United States frigate "*Constellation*" came into the harbor and I was sent on board to go home in her, with some other men who were at the hospital. Soon after going to sea I fully recovered my health, and put my

name on the shipping articles for the remainder of the cruise. She had then been from home over three years. We went to Peru, then around Cape Horn to Rio Janeiro, from thence to Norfolk, Virginia. We entered Gosport navy yard, where the crew were finally paid off.

I reached Canterbury in safety, accompanied by a shipmate, one of the Constellation's non-commissioned officers, a noble generous-hearted sailor who died about one year since, strong in the faith of the Shaker religion.

When we first reached Shaker Village, N. H., I went to the Novitiate order and told the presiding Elder, Robert Fowle, that I had come all the way from Valparaiso, Chili, in South America to be a Shaker. He then told me that the first step toward this end would be to honestly confess my sins, and thus I should be made able to live free from sin. He remarked that the gospel of Christ in this second manifestation would save all who would obey it and enable them to live a pure life, free from the lusts of the world. His words have proved true, and I have never for one moment regretted obeying the sudden impression received on the high lands back of the port of Valparaiso!

Thanking all my young friends who have followed me through my wanderings from Fanning's island to the quiet Shaker Village among the hills of New Hampshire, I bid you a kind adieu.

(THE END.)

FARM & GARDEN

Farmers.—In comparison with the long-continued prostration of other industries and the severe depression of general business, farmers may congratulate themselves that at least, through long hours of toil and the practice of close economy, they have been able to secure the necessities of life for the support of their families and themselves. A bushel of corn is worth just as much to-day in the feeding of a family as ever it was, while it will buy as much sugar or as many

yards of cotton cloth as in the average year, and it is only when sold for cash, or when applied to the payment of old debts, that the farmer really suffers from its low market value. Brighter days are coming, and the severe lessons of economy and struggle with debt will have a salutary effect in avoiding new liabilities in the future, and in making all classes more cautious and more thoughtful in their plans.—*Com. Adv.*

Wintering Calves.—The most difficult portion of cattle kind to keep through the season of the year of farm stock that has to be fed are the calves. Every farmer possesses more or less of these, and as it is designed for them to grow up and become of large size, every possible means should be adopted to raise them to the greatest perfection. If they are not handled with great care and the strictest attention paid to their welfare, their growth is liable to be arrested, and such an injury received thereby as cannot be easily, if ever fully, repaired by the best of treatment afterwards. Cattle are like everything else; if they are stunted when young and their growth checked, they can never afterwards be made to grow so thriftily as they would have done; and, therefore, too much pains cannot be taken with them while calves to give them a good start.

Untidy Barnyards.—We desire to call the attention of some farmers—there are doubtless but a few—to the untidy condition of their barn and stock yards. In some cases they are filled with broken and disused machinery, rails, pieces of boards full of nails, clubs, etc. We are reminded of this by hearing a farmer remark that he had lost a good colt by its stepping on a rusty nail. There are many animals annually lost from this cause. The owners, however, are not entitled to sympathy; for a farmer who leaves boards, with nails sticking up, lying around where stock is liable to run, deserves to lose his cattle and colts. See to it at once that all such dangerous articles are piled up where they may dry out and be used for kindling.—*Chicago Tribune.*

HAVEN OF REST.

JAMES G. RUSSELL.

ENFIELD, N. H.

1. O glo - ri - ous ha - ven of e - ter - nal rest, Where
 2. This beau - ti - ful ha - ven of rest is pre - pared For

weary so - journ - ers with sor - row op - pressed, May
 all who in meek - ness of spir - it have shared The

find from their wand'rings a bliss - ful re - pose, Where
 suff'rings of Christ as be - com - ing their lot, And



3. Such surely are numbered as servants of worth,
Though clothed for a season with vestments of earth,
A blessing shall follow their faithful career,
And rays of bright glory their pathway will cheer.
4. Administ'ring guardians will stand by their side,
Upholding through dangers that often betide,
Protecting and cheering with comforting love,
While nearing the portals of glory above.
5. Take courage, good pilgrims, in faith be ye strong,
A host is inviting and helping along,
The progress is sure and you soon will be blest,
With blissful repose in the haven of rest.
6. There, there with the blessed Redeemer to reign
Supremely in glory,—thy infinite gain
Will bring thee rejoicing and comfort sublime,
And mist in oblivion the sorrows of time.

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